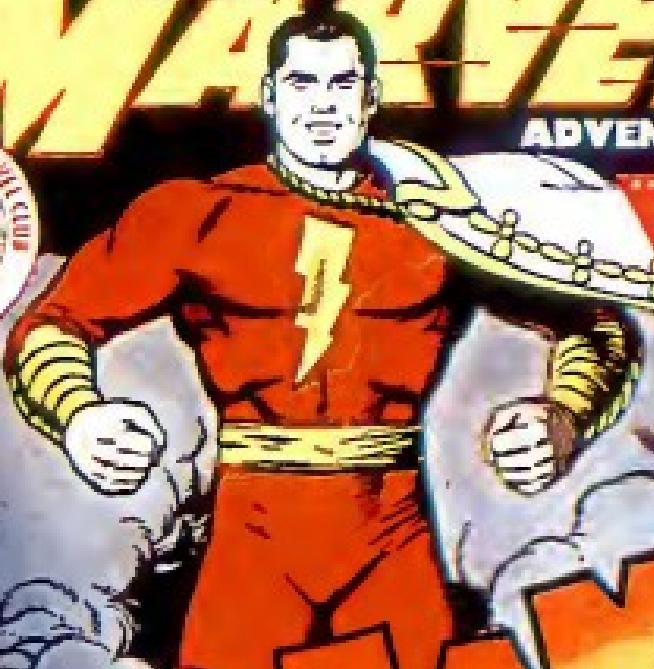


No. 4 OCT. 31

CAPTAIN MARVEL

ADVENTURES

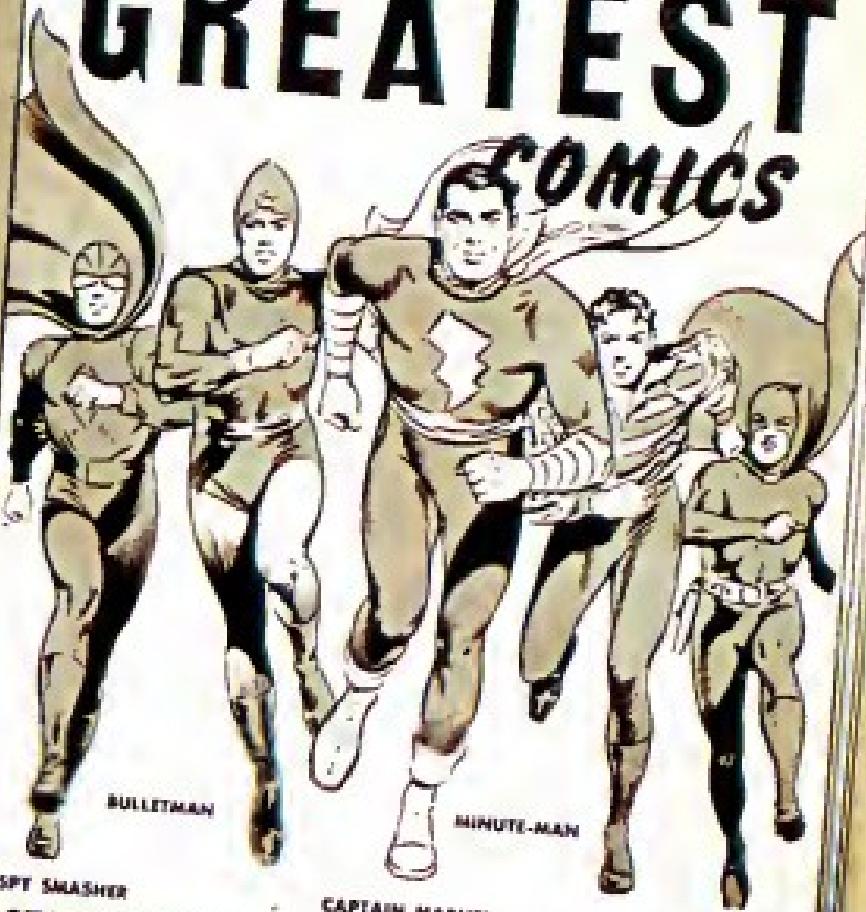


10¢

SHAZAM

SMASHING TO THE TOP!

AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS



BULLETPHANT

MINUTE-MAN

SFT SMASHER

CAPTAIN MARVEL

MRS. SCARLET

STARRING COMICLAND'S GREATEST HEROES!

ON SALE ABOUT OCTOBER 15th

Capt. MARVEL



Once again the BILLY
BATSONS OF AMERICA
GO IN A FORCE TO
WHAT IS ME AND BILLY
BATSON'S FATHER DREW
ALONG — AND WITHIN
FOUR BILLY BATSONS
SET "TIGHT-ER"—THAT
MEANS FOUR CAPTAIN
MARVINS CAN BE FOINED
BY PROFOUNDING THE
WAS A WIND—THATAH

WELL, POLARIS: I SLEPT SOME OF
YOU SAW ME AT 60 DEGREES AND
ALSO AT 100 DEGREES BILLY BATSONS
LOT TOGETHER AND HAD A GRAND
TIME CHASING CROCODILES.

卷之三

卷之三

卷之三



BUT WE MUST SAY BY SHAZAM! DON'T SAY IT FOR SURE, TA
HOLD ON A MINUTE.

LET'S GET IN. BUT TO ME, I'LL TELL YOU, I WELL LISTEN TO
NOTICE BUT THE BOSS MY SARCASM. WHAT WERE
THAT SO HE COULD GET OVER THE AIR
BUT DOWN TO GETTER, OVER THE AIR
THE STATION.



SURE, BUT IT'S NICE TO
HAVE THE KIDS AROUND
AGAIN! I HOPE WE CAN
DO SOMETHING
TO DO.

BY ANOTHER NAME, IT'S SHAZAM, AND
IT'S NOT MUCH HAS EVER WANTED TO
GET RID OF CAPTAIN MARVEL.

HOW CAN ANYONE GET THE
CAR BACK? NO, IT'S A FAST
CUP—THEY RUN OVER
THAT BUTTON OR AND
SQUASH HIM!



UNKNOWN TO BRAIN, THE WIDE SEDAN BEARS
TOWARD HIM!

WE GOT HIM, SURE!
RUN OVER HIM!

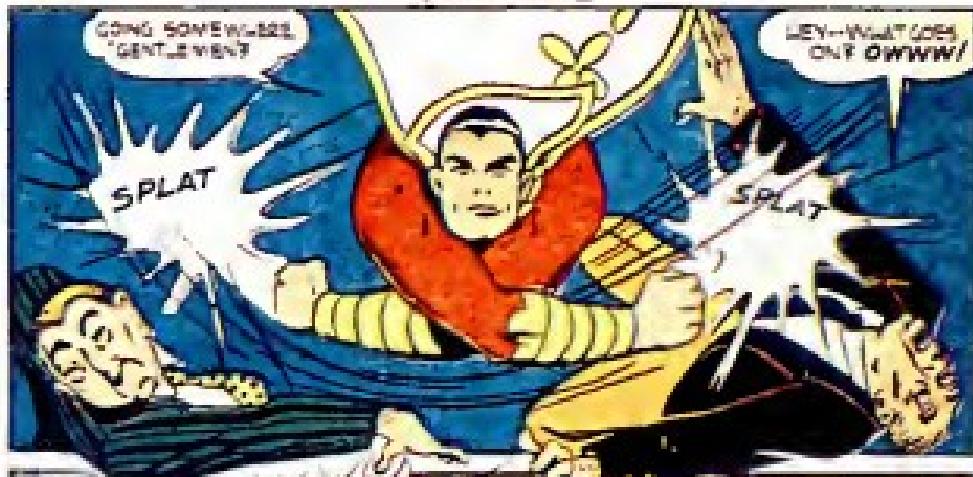
LEW! WLA—?
SHAZAM!



"JUST AS THE MAGIC WORD
IS HON, OUT THUNDER
ROLLS OVER, THE HEAVINGS
AND LIGHTNING STRIKE
THE CITY."

THE MIGHTIEST MAN EVER BORN ON EARTH NOW STANDS WHERE
S... I... T... R... E... A... R... C... H... E... V... E... N... T... A... S... T...







-AND SO YOUR REPORTER,
BILLY BATSON IS GONE
OFF TO BE BACK TOMORROW WITH MORE
NEWS. GOODBYE.

DO YOU GET TO
SPEAK TO
CAPTAIN MARVEL
SOMETHING?

WELL YES,
I TALK TO
HIM.

I HAVE A FEELING THAT THERE'S MORE
TO THE STORY OF THOSE THUGS THAN
WHAT APPEARS ON THE SURFACE. THERE MUST
BE A DEEPER MOTIVE BEHIND IT ALL.



WELL, CAPTAIN MARVEL,
DON'T SAY EXACTLY WHAT
WAS GOING ON, BUT WE
CAN REST ASSURED THAT
HE'LL HANDLE IT ALL
RIGHT.

JUST THE
FACTS, PLEASE.

— ALSO NO WORRIES, HE'S GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING
ON AT SIVANA'S LABORATORY.

WHAT'S
GOING ON?

SAM! YOU FOOLS LET BILLY BATSON
ESCAPE YOU! WHAT ARE YOU— MEN OR
MICE? DON'T TELL ME I KNOW!

BUT BOSS,
CAPTAIN
MARVEL
SHOWED UP!

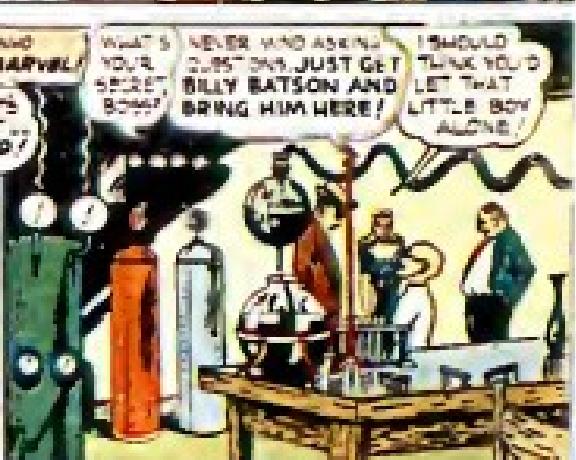


SIVANA IS THE ONLY LIVING PERSON WHO
KNOWS THAT BILLY IS ALSO CAPTAIN MARVEL!
SO I LISTENED OVER THE RADIO, BUT THAT'S
NOT SCAR TO ME. WE GOT A PLAN THAT
STOP CAPTAIN MARVEL FOR GOOD!

WHAT'S
YOUR
SECRET,
BOBBY?

NEVER HAD ANY
SCAR TO ME.
JUST GET
BILLY BATSON AND
BRING HIM HERE!

I SHOULD
TALK TO YOU.
LET THAT
LITTLE BOY
ALONE!



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SYMPATHETIC BEAUTY--AFTER ALL, I AM THE RIGHTEOUS RULER OF THE UNIVERSE.

BUT WHAT HAS BILLY BATSON GOT TO DO WITH IT? LET'S GOT A LOT TO DO IN THIS STRONG-ARMED BOYS AFTER ALL.



WHAT'S OUR PROGRAM FOR TOM NIGHT, BILLY?

WELL WE CAN TAKE

ZOOON ME

IN BILLY LEAST

TOO MISTER
IN ALL

A SHOW, AND BOYS, WOOH,

NO EDE BILLY BATSON

THEY CALL

BILLY BATSON
AND THAT'S
ANOTHER

SUDDENLY THERE'S
A SHARP RAP ON
THE DOOR.

ME THAT.

ME THAT.

ME THAT.



THAT'S WE WANT TO KNOW.

AT BANGST EN ALL!

HEY!



HEY YOU BREATH--

PICK ON MY BALLS WILL
YOU? TAKE THAT,
I SAY SERVE





CAPTAIN MAINE





CLOSER AND CLOSER COME THE DEADLY BLADES WHILE THE THREE BILLY BATSONS STRIVE TO ESCAPE.

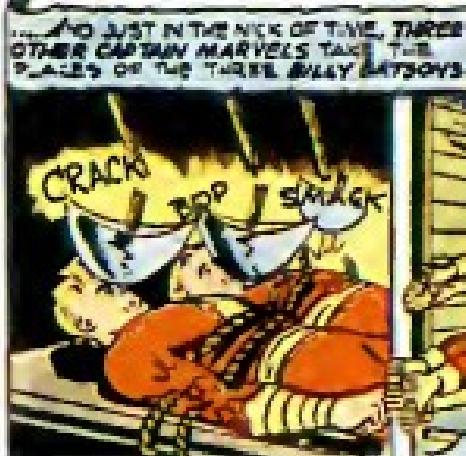
-Eh - eh - eh! OUTTA HERE TORTURE! IT'S GOOD TO SEE THE THREE BRATS SWEAT.

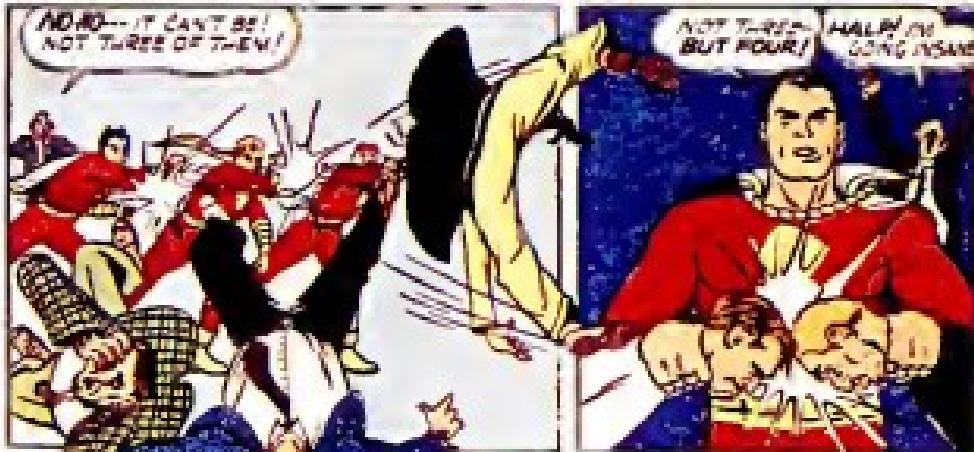
Meanwhile Captain Marvel has changed back to Billy Batson, and he carefully breaks into the laboratory.



GOSH—SOMETHING'S GOT TO DO SOMETHING! HE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!





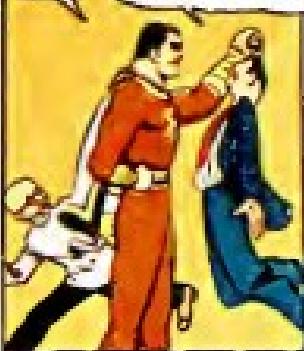


ALL RIGHT SQUIR—GET
READY FOR A BIG
LONG RIDE!

NOT ME
CAP! OFF—IN REALY
A BIG BUMMER, I—

LITTLE DOES CAPTAIN
MARVEL KNOW THAT
OLD SNAKE IS
READY TO DROPP A
HUGE STONE ON ME.

DOWN FALLS THE SWALLOWING
STONE—AND CAP STILL
DOESN'T SEE IT.



THE STONE IS THE HEAVIEST MAN EVER
BORN ON EARTH—AND CAPTAIN MARVEL
WADDY NOTICES IT.

WHOOPSIE!
NO MAN CAN
STAND THAT!

YOU SAY IT YOURSELF
STOP IT OUT
ARGLAS AND COME ON

—WHEW—SOVEREIGN
STILL PLAYING TRICKS
AROUND HERE!



COME ON CAP—LET'S
GET THOSE CROOKS
BEFORE THEY GET
AWAY!

WAIT A MINUTE—
—O-O-O—
HEARD A GUN F

IT CAME FROM A
BOAT. IT'S JUST 20
FEET FROM THE DOOR AND





DOWN GOES THE PLUNGER,
AND THE DEDONATOR IS
SET OFF.
THREE... THAT'S
FOR THEM HASSLE!

AT FIRST ONLY A LOW
RUMBLE IS HEARD,
THEN A DEAFENING
ROAR AS THE LAB
IS BLASTED TO BITS!

BUT THOUGH THE EARTHQUAKE
WOULD HAVE EASILY DESTROYED AN
ENTIRE ARMY OF ORDINARY MORTALS,
IT MERELY SWINGS THE FOUR MARVELS
ZOOMING THROUGH THE AIR--
BEAUTY PROTECTED BY THEM,

LOOK DOWN THERE!
NOTHING LEFT BUT A
BIG CRATER.

WHOY SNAKE,
MUST'VE BEEN
TONS OF EXPLOSIVES
UNDER THE
BUILDING!

LOOK GANG, HERE IS
A SIGN OF THE
CROOKS MUST
HAVE BEEN-- BECAUSE
THERE'S N-E-V-E-R BEEN
SUCH A BIG CRATER
ON THIS FIELD, EVER.

LOOKING THE REMAINS
OF THE GANGSTERS--
AND SIVANA!

SOB SOB-- IT'S WHAT COMES UP BEHIND
TO SEE SIVANA WAS SO GRETTER
DEAD.

GOT TO GET OUT
A HOLE TO LET A GUY
A SCRATCH.



CODE OF GLORY

by
DICK RALEIGH

A mysterious code and a brave American boy.

YOUNG Juan Pines had died over the small, home-made short wave set, his brown eyes aglow with excitement. Yes, that was all! He was certain now. The short, incandescent signals were the same. A strange code on the wave length reserved for United States Government Servicemen.

"Golly!" Juan exclaimed. "I've got to break that code. I've got to do it."

For days now he had worked at nothing else. Since he had been clever, codes had fascinated him. Codes and language. His teachers had been amazed at his interest in French, Italian and German.

German?

That was it! He had tried to read the odd code messages in English, French and Italian. Only German remained. And it was German. He was certain now.

He ran into the living room where he kept his school books. The German-English dictionary was necessary.

His mother's light voice called from the kitchen.

"Juan, my son, have you not gone to bed?"

"Not yet, Mader mia, I must do some work," he replied.

"You need your sleep to be

a fine strong American," she said, coming into the room. She was small, with a kind, sweet face.

Juan gathered her in his arms. Her one interest in life was his future. He longed for the day when he could make enough money to prevent her working so hard.

"I will soon be sleeping, Mader mia," he promised, kissing her work-worn hands.

He ran back to his room. He must catch that message.

As he came through again he wrote swiftly, careful to miss nothing. For five minutes the strange code crackled out over the night air. Then it stopped off.

With the dictionary, Juan began to study. For an hour he worked, forgetting everything... but the code.

Then one word appeared. Warner. Another. Von Sonnen. Then Lily Bod. And Pirate's Cove. It was making sense! The Warner Oil Company was in Pirate's Cove, ten miles from Palm Springs, where Juan lived. And the Lily Bod, an oil tanker belonged to Karl Warner.

Soon he had the complete message. It was so fantastic he could hardly believe it.

He threw on a light coat, turned off his bedroom light and slipped quietly out of the window. He didn't want to worry his mother, but he must find that sending set.

A street car ran from Palm Springs to Pirate's Cove. He

climbed aboard, his heart beating loudly with excitement.

The buildings that housed the Warner Oil Company were dark outlines in the fog, the main entrance guarded by a night watchman. He could never get by there.

He darted through the shadows toward the back. A railroad track ran across the yards. He slipped through the open gate, crawled out to get onto the way of the headlight on a large moving switching oil car.

In a window in the main building a light burned. Juan hurried to it and listened. A man was talking on the telephone, his back to the window. It looked like Karl Warner.

SUDDENLY Juan heard a bullet crash into the wall near where he was standing. He turned and ran into the gloom.

Footsteps followed him. A number of men were after him. They closed in on all sides. Juan ran down a dark alley. It led to a port. A large tanker was anchored there, the Lily Bod. As he ran the name, the men following Juan, came up. He leaped to the deck of the boat into the arms of a sailor who caught him in a firm grasp.

"Well, what's this all about?" he growled.

The sailors came aboard and Juan was dragged into a small cabin. He saw his captors were all employees of the Warner Oil Company.



"When were you swooping around for, Kid?" one asked.

Juan thought fast and, reluctantly, told a lie.

"I, I was just looking for a place to sleep, sir," he said softly.

The men laughed.

"All this excitement over a little burn," one said.

"I'm not as sure," retorted another. "He was swooping about the windows outside the boat's after."

"Aw, I saw the light and thought I could sneak inside out of the fog," Juan added.

"It's O.K., Max," the big fellow, who had caught him, said.

"We can't take chances, Eric," Max retorted. "Lock him up below. We'll get rid of him later."

"Meaning?"

"Do as you're told and don't try," Max said shortly. "I'll report to the boss."

The others went back to their posts.

"Come on, Kid," Eric said. "You bumped into the wrong place tonight. But no how, I'll see you aim hurt. Just keep your mouth shut."

He led Juan to a lower cabin and locked him in.

Juan realized that message was more important than he had suspected. He had to escape. The penthouse, buried by thick glass, opened inwardly. His feet could reach it. It was small but so was Juan. Somewhere above he heard Eric walking back and forth. Quickly he eased himself through the narrow aperture.

When the footsteps were at the far end of the boat, he slipped into the cold water below. He came up and just as he broke water, a shot rang out. He dove and swam under the water a while.

Finally he came up for air. A boat was putting out from the Lily Bird. He swam quickly to the shore, came up between the boulders of the Warner yards, and ran through the dense fog to the car stop.

He just caught the Palm Springs car. He knew he must get to the Coast Guard Station

CAPTAIN MARVEL

In Palm Springs before the Lily Bird put out to sea. He would take the code message to his friend, Jack Sharpen, a member of the Coast Guard. He would know what to do.

"Palm Springs, all out," he heard the telephone calling, and knew he had fallen asleep.

He got off and hurried toward the Coast Guard Station. Then a car appeared out of the fog, its lights blazing, and even in the dark Juan leaped aside as the monster raced past. A burst of machine gun fire split the night.

JUAN fell behind a large truck. Only the saved him from sudden death. The Warner gang were taking no chances. They had sent that car to follow him on the chance that he wasn't simply a homeless bum.

He poised himself on the bulk of his free and suddenly dashed across the street, stumbling into the entrance of the station just as a new barrage of shots rang out. He felt a sharp pain pass him to the shoulder as a bullet found its mark, and fell headlong at the feet of Jack Sharpen, who had come running out at the sound of gun fire.

"Good Lord, Juan! What's this all about?" Jack exclaimed, as he helped the boy into his office.

The pain was awful and Juan knew that he was going to pass out, for everything was getting black. If he did, much time would be lost and time was an important item. He forced himself out of it and, with a cry of anguish, sat up and began to tell his story to his friend.

At the finish he handed him the code message that he had translated and decoded.

"And don't leave me here," he cautioned, as he fell forward at last, too weak and tired to crawl.

When he came to, he was once more on the Lily Bird. But instead of Warner's men, young Coast Guardsmen were dressed

in the regular crew's clothes. Juan saw Jack watching him with a curious smile.

"Well, finally snapping out of it?" he asked.

Juan looked the question in the heart.

"Not yet, son, but soon. That swagg, there, is Joe Creep, one-time rum runner. After repeat he threw in with Karl Warner. He gave us the lowdown on Warner's business and it was exactly as you suspected. That message you got off the air waves was loaded with dynamite. And our men caused it! If it hadn't been for you—ah, here comes."

Juan saw a monster of the ocean depths thrust itself up out of the water and log. A gigantic submarine! Quietly rowed out of her tower and began to make her fast to the Lily Bird.

"Creep," a voice called.

"Yes, Captain, and right on time," Creep replied.

"Das is good," the stranger said as he leaped aboard.

At that moment a whistle rang out and both ships were caught in light as bright as the sun at noon. Juan saw that they were surrounded by coast guard cutters. On the way home Jack explained.

"You know most of the story. Warner was refueling Nazi subs in American coastal waters, contrary to our laws. We've spotted the Von Störner before, but always beyond our patrol limits. So, until tonight our hands were tied. By the way, there is a powerful ship we've set in Warner's office. He won't need it any more. I mentioned to the Captain that you might know someone who could use it. Think you'd like it?"

"Gosh, would I!" Juan exclaimed.

"And there's an appointment to Annapolis waiting for you next year when you finish high school." Jack added. "That is, of course, if you want it."

"Golly, gosh!" Juan yelped, pinching himself to see if it was real.

It was!

The End

CAPTAIN MARVEL

and the TUNNEL OF INVASION

THE WORLD
IS MINE...
-VILLIPE

THIS STORY STARTS
IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY,
FOLKS. YOU ALL KNOW
HOW A CERTAIN MAD-
MAN BECAME RULER
OVER MANY PEACE-
LOVING NATIONS.



EUROPE IS IN MY GRASP TODAY TOMORROW CONQUERED PEOPLES' AMERICA! THE WHOLE WORLD! EXCELLENCY? THEY MUST BE RED RULED...

I HAVE ALREADY ARRANGED FOR THAT LISTEN-- BIZ-BIZ- BIZ-BIZ

FEBBLE-FATY IT'S ALMOST TO BIG TO IMAGINE .

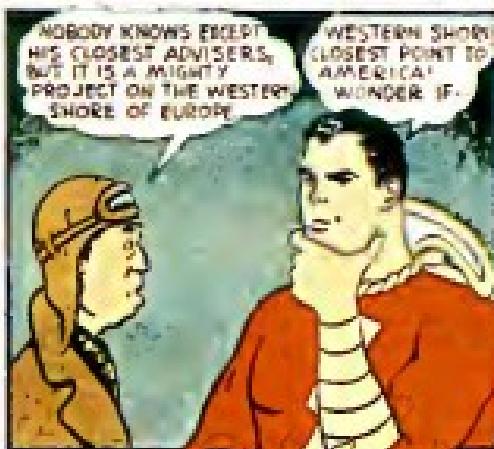


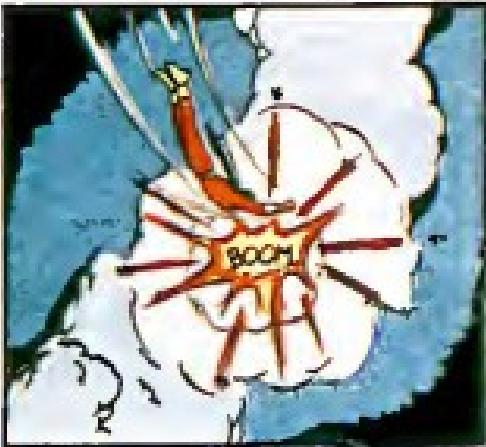
BUT A WORK LIKE THAT—THOUSANDS OF MILES IN SIZE...

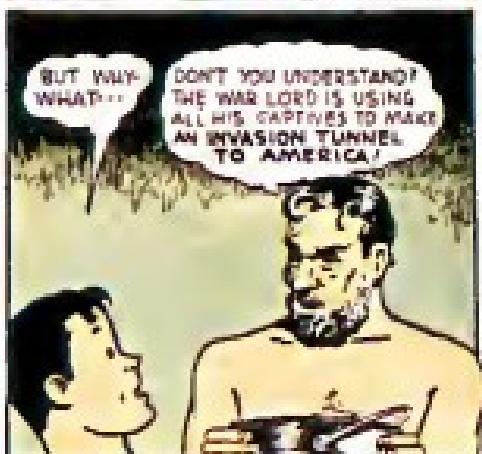
SAM! HAVE WE NOT MILLIONS OF CAPTURED SLAVES? BILLIONS OF CAPTURED TOOLS? BILLIONS OF CAPTURED WEALTH? SEE THAT THE WORK BEGINS AT ONCE!

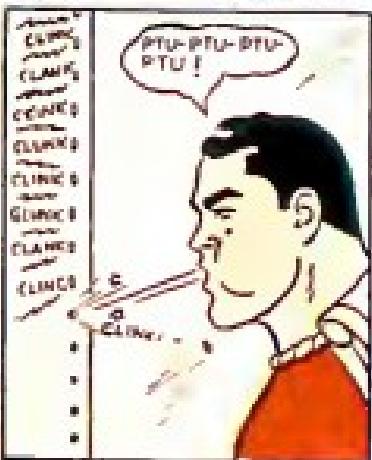
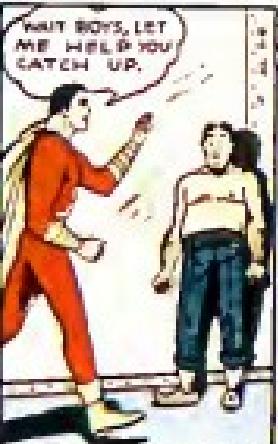
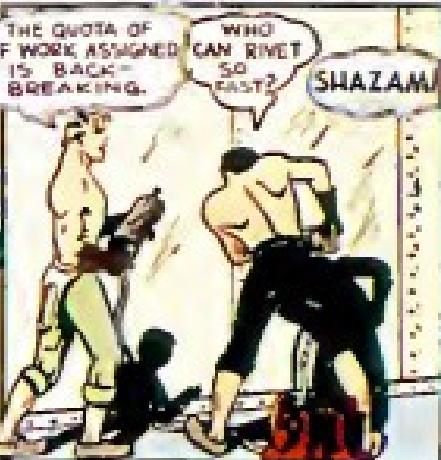
DOLLY BATSON, BOY ACE OF RADIO REPORTERS, IS TAKING A HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY. VAHLEN—











NIGHT AND REST IN THE STOCKADE OF THE
CAPTIVE LABORERS.



I WON'T NEED THIS LITTLE WATCH-CHARM!



THE WAR LORD'S PALACE MUST BE IN THIS DIRECTION.



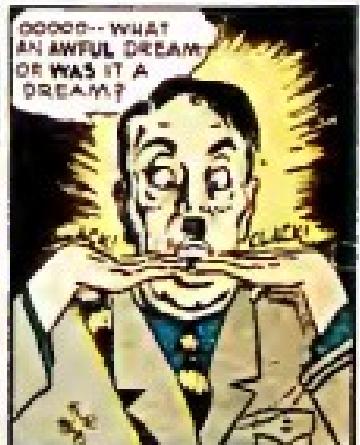
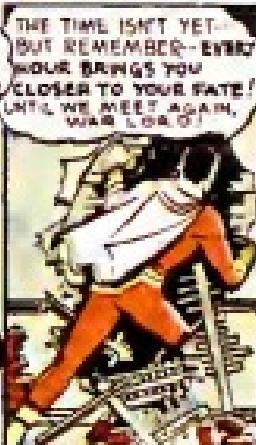
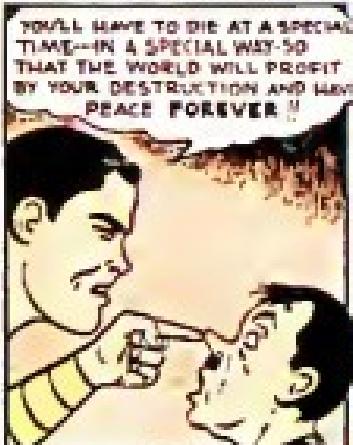
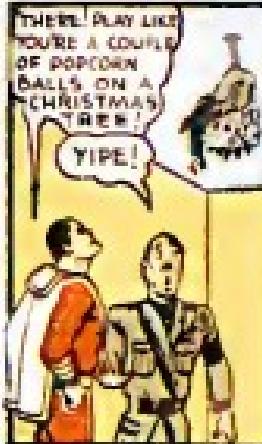
HAI! EVERY DAY I AM
NEARER TO MY GOAL—THE
DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA!
HOW AM I AFRAID? I NEVER
SAW THE COLOR OF THE
MAN'S EYES THAT
FRIGHTENED ME!



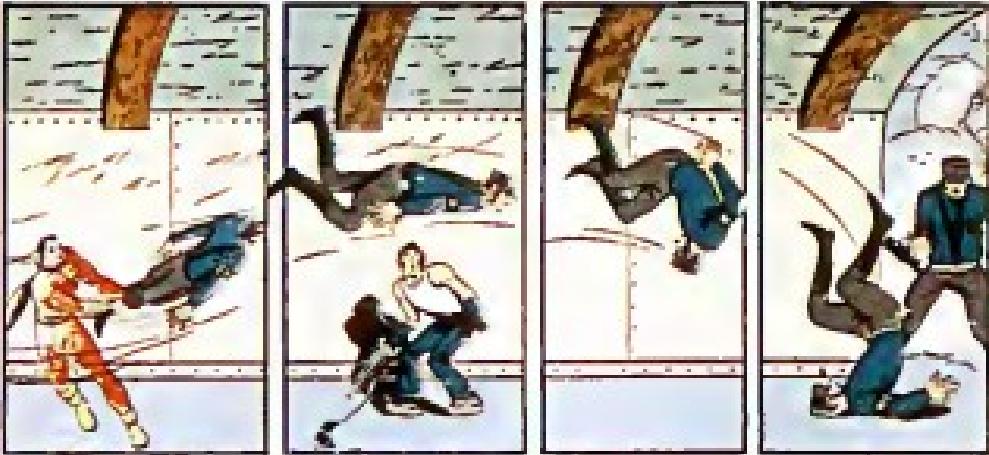
WELL, YOU'RE
LOOKING INTO A
PAIR RIGHT NOW!

AWK!









THANK YOU FOR PROTECTING US!

SAY THE WORD AND I'LL FINISH THIS THING.



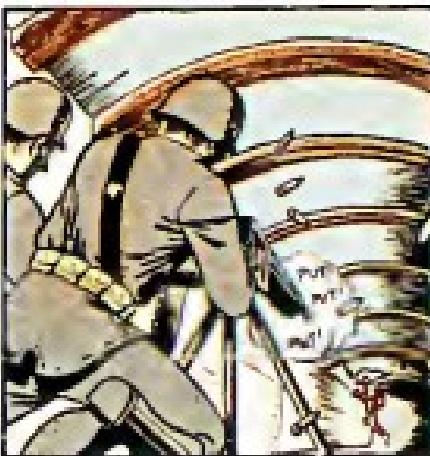
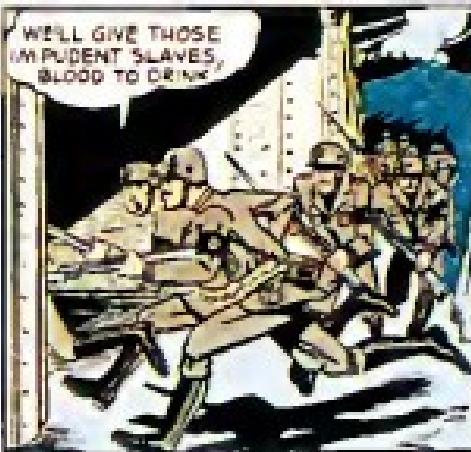
HERE I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD START!

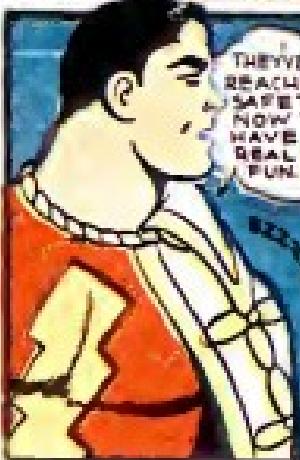
WITH HIS IMPROVISED CORE DRILL CAPTAIN MARVEL TEARS INTO THE SIDE OF THE TUNNEL!



IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE HURRY DIG THE LITTLE WAY REMAINING TO AMERICA I'LL REMAIN AND SMEAR THE INVASION WHEN YOU ARE READY TO REACH SAFETY SIGNAL ME ON THAT BUZZER.

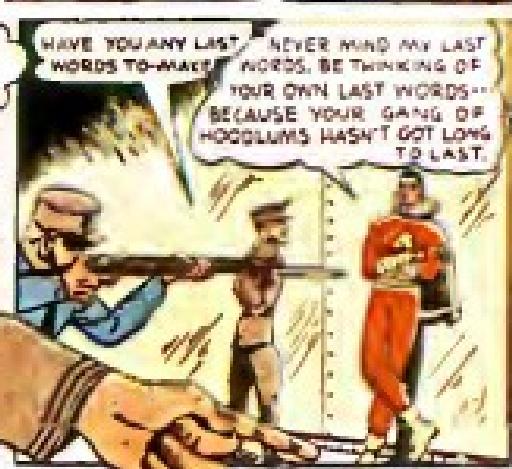




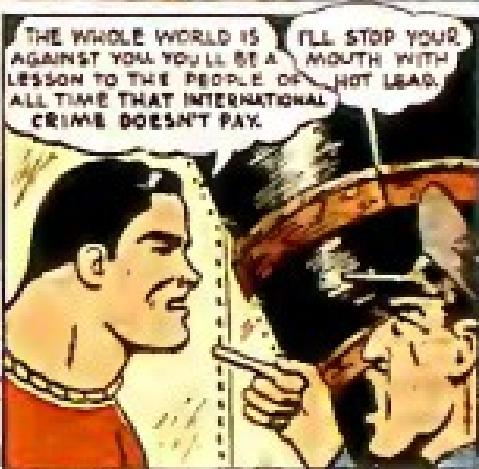




TO THE BLANK
WALL AND SUMMON A
FIRING SQUAD!

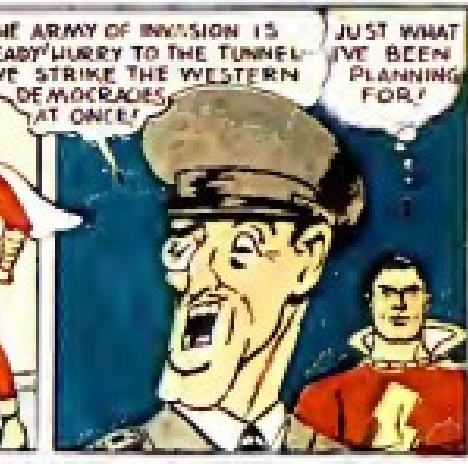
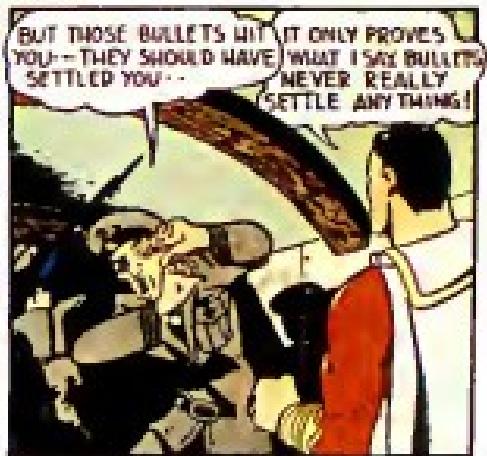


NEVER MIND MY LAST
WORDS. BE THINKING OF
YOUR OWN LAST WORDS--
BECAUSE YOUR GANG OF
HOGLUMS HASN'T GOT LONG
TO LAST.



I'LL STOP YOUR
MOUTH WITH
HOT LEAD.









STRANGE but TRUE



THAT

CAMELS

DOAMED AMERI-
CAN DESERTS 100,000 YEARS
AGO IS SHOWN BY RECENTLY DIS-
COVERED TRACKS OF AN EXTINCT
GENUS FOUND IN ARIZONA !

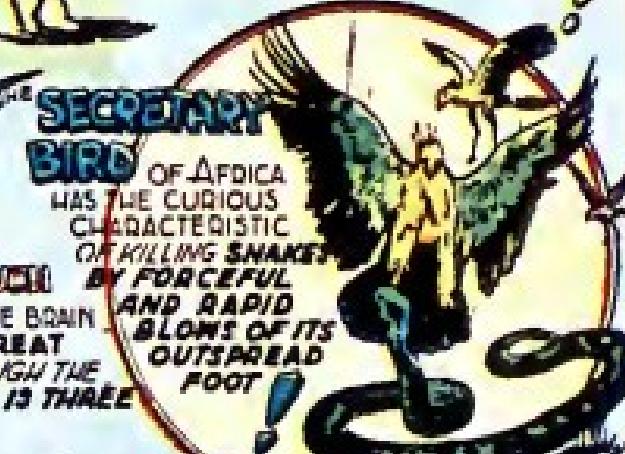


MONSTER, SMALL, TOUGH

VISION AREAS OF THE BRAIN
ARE THE SAME SIZE IN GREAT
APES AS IN MAN, ALTHOUGH THE
WHOLE OF MAN'S BRAIN IS THREE
TIMES LARGER !

THE SECRETARY BIRD

OF AFRICA
HAS THE CURIOUS
CHARACTERISTIC
OF KILLING SNAKES
BY FORCEFUL
AND RAPID
BLOWS OF ITS
OUTSPREAD
FOOT



MOST WONDERS



DO A PERSON'S
FINGERNAILS
GROW AFTER
DEATH ?

ANS: NO. THE NAILS OF
A MUMMY SEEM TO HAVE
GROWN BECAUSE THE
FLESH HAS SURROUNDED
EM.

FLYING FISH

CAN REACH A SPEED
OF THIRTY-FIVE MILES PER HOUR BEFORE
TAKING OFF. SUPPORTED BY ENORMOUS BREAST
FINS, ITS GLIDING FLIGHT
SOMETIMES LASTS FOR
HALF A MINUTE



Capt. MARVEL

AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL GOT IN A FIGHT WITH A SUBMARINE, BUT... WELL, I'LL START AT THE BEGINNING.

HO HUM--NOT MUCH GOING ON AROUND TOWN TONIGHT.

MAYBE I OUGHT TO GO OUT AND SNOOP AROUND FOR A WHILE.





CAPTAIN MARVEL

WITH EARTH'S MIGHTIEST MAN GOES TO WORK.

WOW! YOU CERTAINLY STUNNED THEM, CLIFF!
YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEBODY ELSE.

YEAH—WHO?

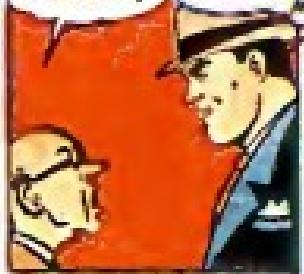


CAPTAIN MARVEL!
THAT'S WHO—
YOU FIGHT JUST
LIKE HIM!

WAHOOH—
SOUNDS INTERESTING. DO
YOU WANT JUST
TO KNOW CAPTAIN
MARVEL?

NO, BUT...
DO YOU SEE THE
GUY LOOKING FOR
CAPTAIN MARVEL
FOR TWO WEEKS?
HE GOT SOME
VERY IMPORTANT
NEWS FOR HIM!

IT'S ABOUT A SUBMARINE BASE
IN SOUTH AMERICA. A FOREIGN
POWER IS GLOOMY BUILDING A
SECRET BASE THERE ---AND
CAPTAIN MARVEL SHOULD
HEAR—



BUT AT THE END OF THE
HALLWAY, A SHADOWY
FIGURE APPEARS, GUN
IN HAND, AND HE LISTENS
TO THE CONVERSATION.

TELL CAPTAIN
MARVEL—THAT T—
OOOOOHHH!

SORRY,
HE'S DEAD.





AND YOUR BOY REPORTER HAS A SODOR FOR YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! A FOREIGN POWER IS BUILDING SECRET BASES IN SOUTH AMERICA!

BUT I'M CERTAIN THAT IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK YOU THIS IS ONLY ABOUT FOR LEARN THE BATSON SIGNING THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL IS OFF-LATE TOMORROW IS GOING DOWN TO

TO SEE WHAT IT'S

ALL ABOUT.

PEOPLE ALL OVER

THE COUNTRY
LISTEN IN ON
MILLY'S BROADCAST EACH NIGHT
AND DAY.

SO NOW ILL SAY GOOD NIGHT TO ALL. THIS IS BILLY ABOUT FOR LEARN THE BATSON SIGNING THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL IS OFF-LATE TOMORROW IS GOING DOWN TO

TO SEE WHAT IT'S

ALL ABOUT.

SO NOW ILL SAY GOOD NIGHT TO ALL.

CHEESE-CAT HOW'S SOOME BETTER, FERNITE I BUTCH, EM GUST I AINT MISSED MY PROGRAM IN TWO YEARS!

MR. BILLY—THERE'S SOMEBODY TO SEE YOU OUTSIDE. MORRIS, ILL TALKIT WITH YOU. GO RIGHT OUT.

BUT JUST A SURF THING. MR. MORRIS, ILL TALKIT WITH YOU. SURF TALK ITSELF ATION HAS CORRECT ABOUT THE SECRET BASES—AND ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL'S GOING DOWN THERE?

MR. MORRIS, AND DONT LIE. SOMETIMES I THINK HE MORRIS KNOWS MORE ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL THAN

WILL ALL BE TAKEN CARE OF,

WHICH—THAT BOY IS CERTAINLY A WORLD BEATER. SOMETIMES I THINK HE MORRIS KNOWS MORE ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL THAN WE SAW HE DOES. I WONDER IF HE WOULD BE IN LEAGUE—NO—GUESS IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION!

WONDER WHERE THAT FELLOW WENT TO THAT WANTED TO SEE ME?

ON WHEELS GUESSES HE GOT TIRED WAITING AND LEFT. YERGE BETTER GO BACK IN AND—

BESTORE THE BOY RADIO REPORTER CAN REACH IT, A HORNED CLUB DESCENDS ON HIS HEAD.



QUICK—WE'VE HAD ENOUGH BEFORE OTHERS COME. LET'S GO—MUCH!

CARRYING THEIR UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM, THE THREE MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS MAKE THEIR WAY TO A BOAT.



WELL, WELLY, WE'VE GOT TO PULL OUT ANY FASTER, BEFORE DARK!

SOON THE PARTY REACHES A LARGE SAL-BOAT WHICH IS ANCHORED NOT FAR FROM SHORE.



AH! HERE YOU GOT THE REPORTER,

EVERY DAY,
HE'S ON.
MR. FOX
ALWAYS
ACCOMPLISHES
WHAT HE SETS
OUT TO DO!

THERE ALL ABOARD,
THE BIG SHIP SLOWLY
SETS OUT, MAKING
ITS WAY SOUTHWARD.

WE OUGHTTA
BE IN SOUTH
AMERICA
AFORE LONG.

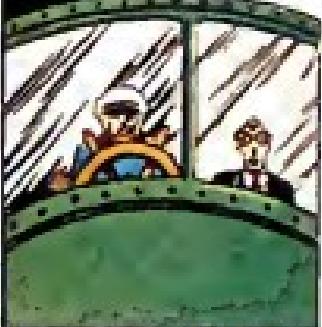
SURE THE
SOONER THE
BETTER OUR
TIME IS
GROWING
SHRINKER
AND
SHORTER.



BUT DR. KOMARAT
HAPPENED TO MEET
HE'S DOWN
BELLOW. WE'VE
GOT LIMITED
FIGHTER THAN A PACKAGE
OF EXPLOSIVE.

WHILE BELOW DECK BILLY
LOSES HIS CONSCIOUSNESS.
SOLLY, IF I COULD
ONLY TALK...

THESE CROOKS ARE PROB-
ABLY HEADED FOR SOUTH
AMERICA TO SET UP THAT
SUBMARINE BASE. MANHATTAN
I COULD ONLY GET LOOSE!



HEY COOK! WHERE
ARE YOU TAKING
THAT FOOD?

BELLOWS-
TIME TO FEED
THAT BATSON
BEAT.

THEY'LL JUST GIVE HIM A
LITTLE DOSE OF THIS POISON, A
CLEAN WAY OF
GETTING RID OF
- M. E.?

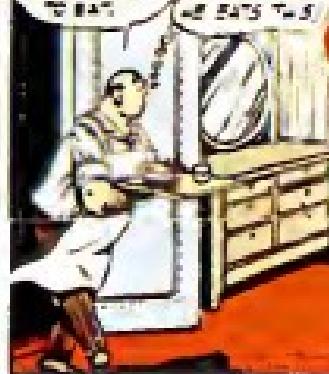
BATSON HAS GOT
TO DIE! HIS VOICE
WILL BE SILENCED
FOREVER!



OOOPS, DAT MR. FOG IS SURE A
SPOOKY ONE. RADDO, LET'S BE
ON THE SIDE AGAINST EM.

GOOD F-INGERS! THE BRUTE
YOUNG BASTARD
THERE FOR YOU
TO EAT.

IT LAST THEY'L
HAVE TO REMOVE
THE GASE, AND
WHEN THEY DO...



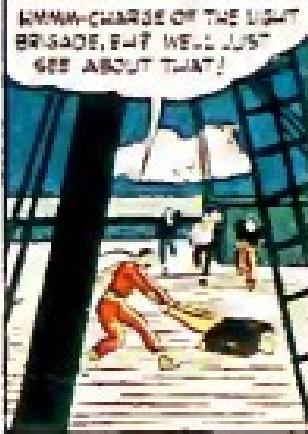


WOW, A
TORNADO!

CAPTAIN MARVEL STUCKS HIS TAIL INTO THE TUBE.



WHAM-CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, BUT WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT!



SCREEN-S
BING-- AND JACKPOT!



MEANWHILE, MR. FOG DASHES FOR THE CABIN, NOT WANTING TO WIRK INTO THE MIGHTIEST MAN ON EARTH.

RADIO--SAY TO REACH THE RADIO BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.



HELLO SOUTH AMERICA! HELLO SOUTH AMERICA! MR. FOG CALLING BARON VON SLUGG! STANDING BY!



ACT 19 LEFT: CO-CAPTAIN POST YOU TELL MARVEL'S LIKE A MAD MAN ABOARD SHIP. --COME IN, BARON! --EGG--ER--

VON SLUGG STANDING TELL US THE SHIP MOVING--STALL CAPTAIN MARVEL AS LONG AS YOU CAN. ILL SEND A U-BOAT TO YOUR AID, THAT'S ALL!



IN SOUTH AMERICA--AND BARON VON SLUGG ISSUES CRISP ORDERS.

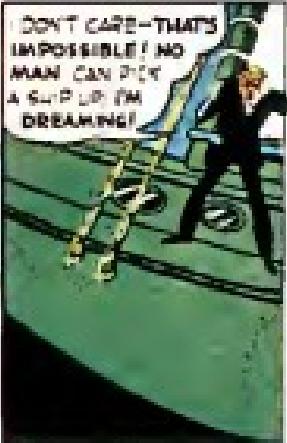
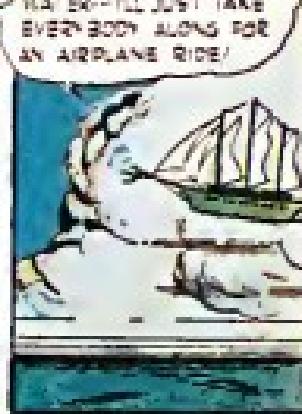
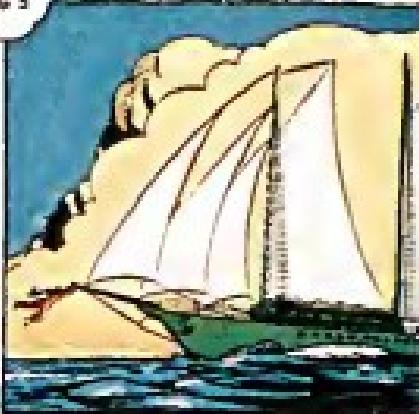
LISTEN HERE FOG, GET THE SHIP MOVING--STALL CAPTAIN MARVEL AS LONG AS YOU CAN. ILL SEND A U-BOAT TO YOUR AID, THAT'S ALL!



HEY---THE SHIP IS ALREADY MOVING---SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!

ME ROG IS RIGHT---THE SHIP IS MOVING!

TOO SLOW GOING THROUGH WATER---I'LL JUST TAKE EVERY BODY ALONG FOR AN AIRPLANE RIDE!



HEY CAPTAIN MARVEL! DON'T WORRY, JOE DEAR! CAPTAIN MARVEL SHOULD KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

LIVE BOYS! JUST THOUGHT TO BRING IN A FEW SOBIS--AND LOOK THEY ARE!

THEIR LEADER'S NAME IS ME ROG. YOU'D BETTER PUT HIM BEING BARS FOR A LONG REET, 'N GOING OUT TO PETCH 'N A SUBMARINE YON.

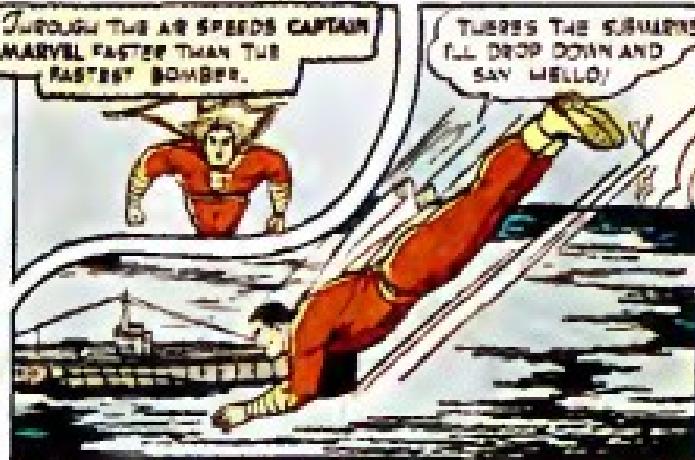
A SUBMARINE? YOU MEAN---THAT IS---ZEE!



THAT'S RIGHT, THERE'S A U-BOAT OUT THERE LOOKING FOR ME--SO I'LL LET THEM FIND ME!

THOUGH THE AIR SPEEDS CAPTAIN MARVEL FASTER THAN THE FASTEST BOMBER.

THERE'S THE SUBMARINE! I'LL DROP DOWN AND SAY HELLO!



BLOW IN THE COLD DEPTHS, VON KLUGE AND HIS AGENTS ARE THE SURPRISE OF THESE LINES. BEFORE TURN & ONE OTHER TOOK CAPTAIN MARVEL—BUT HE'S GONE!

—LET'S GOON, TORPEDO—READY—

FIRE!!



TWILIGHT MARVEL DOESN'T BOTHER TO MOVE—HE ALLOWS THE TORPEDO TO PLUNGE AGAINST HIS CRUISE.

TWILIGHT BETHE—SHOULDNT PRESENT THE SHOW THAT HER

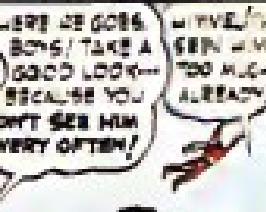
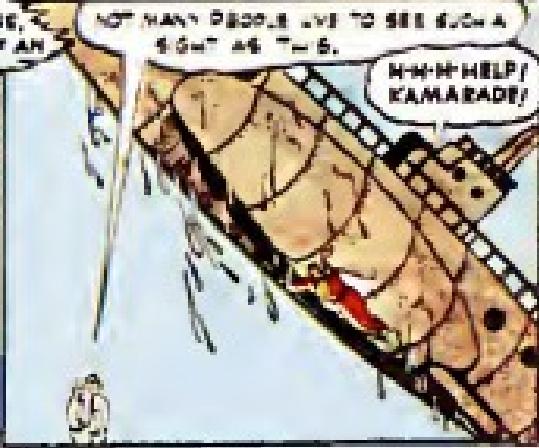
I DON'T EVEN HURT HIM, FULL SPEED AHEAD—WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!





WHILE AT THE SAME U.S. COASTAL BASE,
THE MEN GET THEIR SECOND GLIMPSE OF AN
IMPOSSIBLE FEAT!

NOT MANY PEOPLE LIVE TO SEE SUCH A
SIGHT AS THIS.



CAPTAIN MARVEL APPEARS
EACH MONTH IN THE POPULAR
WHITE COMICS.

CHUBBY





Captain MARVEL and the LAWLESS LEGION

GIGGY GOLTON WANTED AN EMPIRE OF CRIME—CAPTAIN MARVEL WANTED LAW AND ORDER! WHO DO YOU THINK WON OUT, FOLKS?



"YOU'RE OUR BEST RADIO REPORTER, BILLY—WE WANT YOU TO COVER THE GIGGY GOLTON TRIAL."

"THANKS FOR THE CHANCE, DR. SHAW. IT SHOULD BE HOT STUFF WITH THAT NEW YOUNG PROSECUTOR."

"SHAW!"

THE YOUNG PROSECUTOR RECEIVES UNWELCOME CALLERS.

"LISTEN, SHAW—if ya got 'em, win 'em—NOTHING I'M SENSE WILL GO EASY TOWN GOOD, DOING AND LET GIGGY GOLTON OFF—PROSECUTOR GOLTON ARE SEEIN' I WILL NOT HOLD—GOT A SQUARE TRIAL, NO MORE! LET CLEAR OUT BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!"



YOUR HONOR, THE EVIDENCE WILL SHOW THAT GIGGY GOLTON, THE DEFENDANT, IS A PRINCE OF ORGANIZED CRIME WHO RULES THIS TOWN BY GRAFT, CORRUPTION AND EVEN MURDER! OFFICER FLYNN, TAKE THE STAND!



LATER... AT THE TRIAL...

FOLKS, OFFICER FLYNN IS EXPECTED TO GIVE TESTIMONY TELL THE TRUTH THAT WILL CONVICT GOLTON. THE WHOLE HE'S AN HONEST COP. COULDN'T BE BOUGHT OR FRIGHTENED!

YOU SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH... TRUTH...



AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH? (DO-OH!)



YOUR HONOR, HE'S BEEN KILLED TO KEEP HIM FROM CONVICTING THIS GANG LEADER!

YOU'RE SCREWY! NOBODY CAN PROVE WHY HE WAS KILLED!



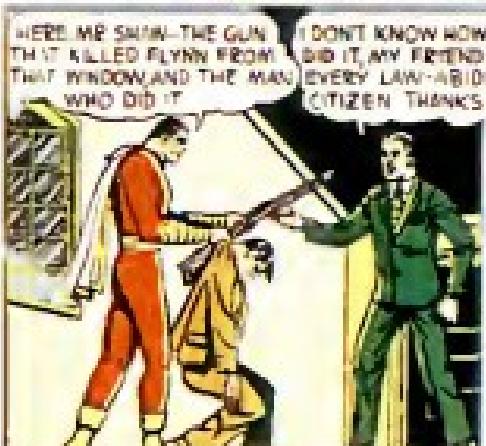
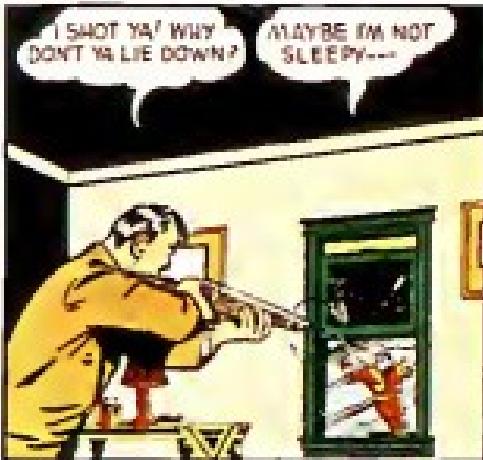
I CAN STILL SEE THE GUN SMOKE AT THAT HIGH WINDOW—NOBODY CAN REACH IT IN TIME TO CATCH THE KILLER.

SHAZAM!



MAKE WAY FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL!





YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT RED-HANDED! YEAR—GUESS TO
IN A MURDER. YOUR BEST CHANCE
FOR MERCY IS TO TELL
EVERYTHING.

YEAR—GUESS TO
BETTER WELL, IT
WAS LIKE DIS—
WITH THE PROSECUTOR AND HIS CAPTIVE
HAVE FORGOTTEN THE MURDER RIFLE ON
FLOOR. A FOOT REACHING FROM BEHIND
KICKS THE TRIGGER!



THAT OUGHTA LET ME OUT!
JUDGE, THE GUN KILLED
THE WITNESS—AND MR.
SHAW WAS HOLDING IT.

AN ACCIDENT! OR MAYBE
ANOTHER MURDER TO
SILENCE MORE
TESTIMONY!

YOU'RE FREE AGAIN,
BOSS.

INTO THAT COCKY PROSECUTOR
AND HIS TOUGH PAL IN THE BED
SUIT. GET THE BOYS TOGETHER—
QUICK.



THE CASE IS DISMISSED—
BUT IT ISN'T CLOSED.

NO MR. SHAW AND SOMETHING
HELLS ME I CAN BLAST
IT wide open!

RETURNING TO THE FORM OF BILLY BATON,
CAPTAIN MARVEL BEGINS HIS CAMPAIGN.



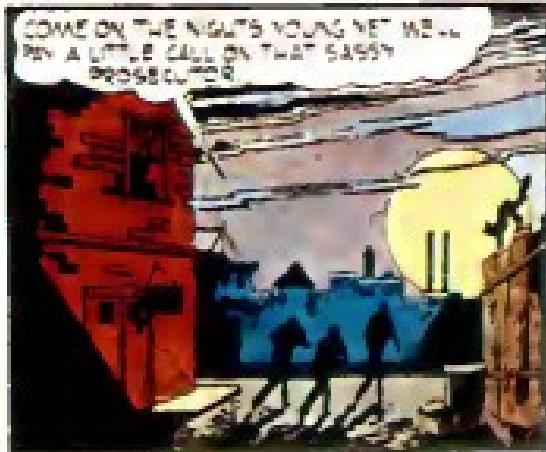
TO SUM UP GREGG GOTHON
IS A RACKETEERING SCOUNDREL
AND WE CAN'T SUE HIM FOR
DAMAGES TO HIS CHARACTER--
HE HADN'T ANY CHARACTERS!
BILLY BATSON SIGNING OFF!

IT'S THAT FRESH BAD GUY
SQUIT RIDING ME AGAIN!
BILLY, RUN OVER THERE
AND KISS HIM UP!

WHO ARE YOU?
I'M CAPTAIN MARVEL,
A HERO WITH A BIG MOUTH!

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS
BILLY BATSON! I'LL TEACH YA
TO KEEP DAT BIG MOUTH
SHUT!

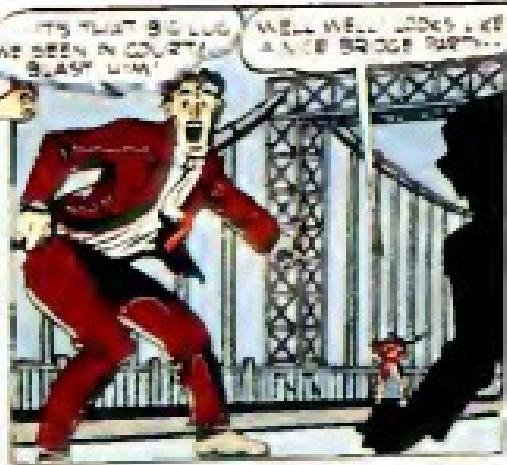
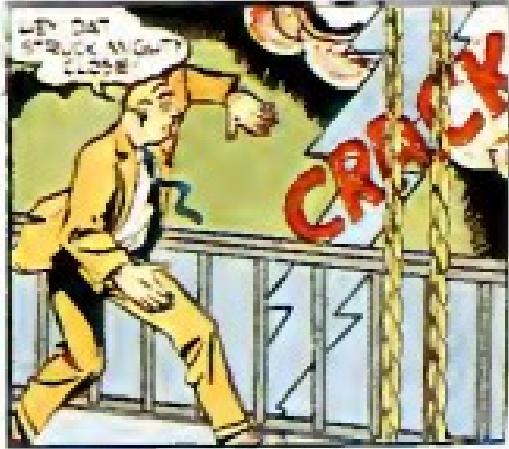




I APPRECIATE THE BACKING AND MY RADIO SYSTEM IS APPRECIATING YOUR FIGHT GIVING ME BULL. FOR LAW DO ORDER WHICH WILL YIELD US A STATEMENT.

WELL, WELL, HOW (OZ) WHAT DOES THIS JAN US BAD BOYS HOPIN' IN?



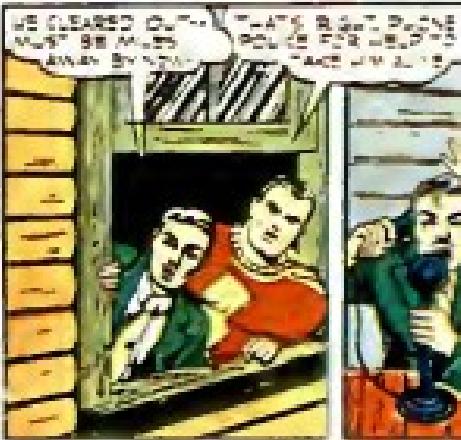












THAT'S GOLTON'S CAR JUST AHEAD! THE FORD'S SPEEDING FOR THE CLIFF ALONG THE ROAD WAS PUSHED OUT. HE'LL BE KILLED!

THE FORD'S SPEEDING FOR THE CLIFF ALONG THE ROAD WAS PUSHED OUT. HE'LL BE KILLED!

I SEE GOLTON'S GREEN CAR - POLICE AFTER HIM - AND A JUMPING OFF PLACE. I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!





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